

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."— *Courper.*

Vol. 10.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1876.

No. 6.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Published on the first Tuesday of each Month

BY THE

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

TERMS:

\$1.00 per annum, in advance. Postage FREE to all parts of the United States.

Articles for the paper, and subscriptions, may be sent to the Secretary.

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Active Life, . . . . . \$100 00	Associate Annual, . . . \$5 00
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### "A Righteous Man Regardeth the Life of His Beast."

EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON BY REV. JOHN S. SANDS, OF PITTSBURG, PA.

We have societies for securing men their rights, societies for securing women their rights, societies for the protection of capital, and societies innumerable for the protection of labor, and why should we not have one for securing our dumb animals their rights. They have rights, prized by them, and God-given, which men are morally bound to respect. Their rights are in a thousand and one ways trampled upon and ignored. They are not able to speak for themselves, and if those whom God has gifted with speech do not speak for them, they must quietly suffer.

A man should regard the life of his beast; should give it proper food, rest, and treatment,—  
1. Because scripture enjoins it. It does this by precept and example. In the Mosaic law we find a great many regulations respecting domestic animals; for example, beasts of labor were to

have rest on the Sabbath. "Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest: that thine ox and thine ass may rest, and the son of the handmaid and the stranger may be refreshed." Again, every seventh year cattle were to be allowed to roam free and eat whatever grew in the untilled fields. "The seventh year shall be a Sabbath of rest unto the land—a Sabbath for the Lord; thou shalt neither sow thy field nor prune thy vineyard. For thy cattle and for the beast that are in the land shall all the increase thereof be meat." Again, oxen in threshing were not to be muzzled or prevented from eating the provender on the floor. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." No domestic animal was to be killed on the same day with its young, as this would imply barbarity. "Whether it be the cow or ewe, ye shall not kill it and her young both in one day." But I need not quote farther. According to the Mosaic law people were required to pay tender regard to the life of the beast; and though in these latter days we may not be able to point to any positive "Thus saith the Lord," requiring this at our hands, still the spirit of the law of the Lord teaches man humanity to the brute creation. Passing by other examples that might be given from the pages of this book, let us take the example which the Creator himself set us of mercy to the lower orders of creation. "He preserveth man and beast." "He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry." "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." Not one of them is forgotten before God. You remember how the Lord rebuked Balaam, who with a staff smote the ass upon which he rode. You remember the words which he spake unto Jonah, when he condescended to give his reasons to the prophet for sparing Nineveh. Part of his reason was that there was "much cattle" there. "Should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and also much cattle?" This Bible teaches us that God "careth for the oxen"; that he provides for the meanest and humblest of his creatures; that he legislates for them, and that he to whom "the cattle on a thousand hills belong," deals kindly with them all. In other words, this Bible teaches us that it is Godlike to treat the brute creation kindly, and says "Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father is also merciful."

2. Justice demands it. They are our servants—not our slaves, mark you, but our servants. He who created them owns them as he owns us, and has given us, as masters, dominion over them. They are faithful servants, and are ready, morning, noon or night, to do our bidding. They lighten our labors for us, and by bearing our burdens and ministering to our necessities, add much to our welfare and enjoyment in life. Most of them work hard—very hard—and are beyond all question as much entitled to their wages as you are to yours, or as I am to mine. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," be he man or beast. One man employs another to do a certain piece of work. When it is done he pays him for it. Why? Because the employer is a merciful man? No, not at all; but he pays him because the man who did the work has a right to be paid for doing it. He has given so much labor, and is entitled in exchange to so much money. The laborer does not even owe his employer a "thank-you-sir" for it. So it is with our beasts of burden. They earn all that they get, in the shape of food, rest, shelter and kind treatment. The man who does not give his beast these is an unjust man as much as the man who withholds the hire of the laborers who reaped down his fields. The wages these dumb animals ask of those who employ them are none too high. Let a man do his very best for the faithful, hard-working, patient creature that serves him so well; and he will be doing no more than that which it is duty to do. Neglect of this duty is as much a sin in the sight of a just God, as is the neglect of any other duty, and he will in some way or other call men to an account for their unkind and cruel injustice. He has made us lords, but not tyrants; he has made us masters, but not tormentors; he has given us leave to employ them in our service, and to kill them for our use, but he has not given us leave to abuse them at our pleasure. We are to deal kindly with them, because it is their due. "The righteous man," says our text, "regardeth the life of his beast." In other words, a just man is just to his beast.

3. Humanity dictates it. These dumb animals are not like sticks and stones, devoid of feeling. They are sensitive beings. . . . Although they are not human, still many of them are not far from being human. They sometimes seem to reason. They fear, they hate, they love, they remember. They can be "wounded in spirit," and they can be pleased. In the name of humanity, then, I plead for our dumb animals as for beings

that are capable of experiencing pleasure and capable of suffering pain. If they could only speak, what sorrowful stories some of these poor brutes would tell! They would complain of cruel scourgings that they did not deserve, of overloaded wagons and street cars, of tight check-reins, of the horrors of railroad transportation, of hunger and thirst, of cold and nakedness, of unnecessary cruelties in the slaughter-house, of tortures in the dissecting room, worse far than any that were ever practised by the Roman Inquisition, and of untold agonies which they are called upon in their lowly position to suffer. . . . Now, suppose that it were possible for the suffering brute creation to make complaints in one of our courts of justice against those who cruelly treat them, what sort of a plea would the defendants make? Would they say, "We treated those dumb beasts cruelly, because we found pleasure in doing so?" No, no, I think not. I have more faith in humanity, and a better opinion of it, than that. . . . No, in response to the charges made against them by the brute creation, I believe that the majority of those who have been cruelly treating them would say, "We did it thoughtlessly and ignorantly." Such being, as I think, the real cause of much of the cruelty that is practised upon these creatures of God, we appeal to our fellowmen all the more confidently in their behalf, believing that an appeal to the better feelings of man's nature will not pass by unheeded. . . .

4. Self-interest requires it. There is nothing lost, but much gained by kindness to the brute creation. In the first place, such kindness will have a reflex influence for good on the man himself. "Every duty of humanity has for its ultimate ground not simply the welfare of the animal concerned, but its welfare in that system of which man is the head, and therefore man's welfare. The good done to man's immortal spirit by acts of humanity and justice infinitely outweighs the mere physical comfort of a brute which perishes." Rowland Hill once quaintly said, "I would give nothing for that man's religion whose very dog and cat are not the better part of it." We might change his expression a little, and it would still give utterance to the truth: I would give nothing for that man's religion whose very dog and cat did not better it. A man cannot do an act of kindness to a brute without getting his reward. In the very act of doing it he will be paid. The giving of a drink of cool water to a thirsty animal out of kindness to that animal, will strengthen the grace of kindness that much in a man's soul. He will be a better man for it. Exercise strengthens the muscles, and exercise will strengthen and toughen the graces too. By "exercising himself unto godliness" a man grows in godliness, and by exercising himself unto humanity a man will grow more and more humane. . . . Kindness tends to elevate the man who is possessed of it, while cruelty tends to degrade. An old philosopher once said, "The child who tyrannizes over his dog will be a tyrant in his family and in his country." . . .

But look at this matter for a moment in another way. Kind treatment will have a good effect on the animal itself. It will make a better animal of it in every respect; it will increase its money value; it will increase its value as a servant and faithful friend. If it be a horse, it will work better in the harness; if it be a dog, it will increase his affection for you, and he will stay by you and defend you and your property to the death. . . .

5. The civil law, the law of the land, requires it. It prohibits cruelty to animals, as some people have lately found out to their cost. Now, this is a secondary reason, and it ought not to be necessary to bring it forward. A man who needs such a reason as that to restrain him from evil has great cause to be alarmed about himself. In other words, a man who regards the life of his beast, simply and solely because the law will take him by the throat if he doesn't, will have a long road to travel before he reaches the kingdom. . . .

Now, my hearers, I have taken up this subject to-night and dwelt briefly on these points, that I

might, if possible, awaken among you an interest in this as in every other good work. In this field of labor, as in others, the harvest is great and the laborers are few. As far as possible, consistently with other demands on your time and attention, give this cause your countenance and hearty support. It is worthy of it. He who created man and beast, and who careth for the cattle upon a thousand hills—who feeds the fowls of the air, and noteth the fall of the little sparrows, will reward you for it. Let us as Christian men and women, in every possible way, and by every divinely approved instrumentality, hasten the coming of the "better day." . . .

#### "Clio,"—the Pet Boa.

Frank Buckland, in "Land and Water," describes with peculiar fidelity the habits and moral and mental qualities of a large boa-constrictor, the pet and companion of his friend, Mr. Mann. It is interesting as a study in animal nature, made from a creature usually regarded with so much horror and detestation that correct views concerning it are rarely obtained.

The animal was of the species known as the "painted-boa"; she was seven feet five inches long, weighing nine pounds. Its conduct during its life with Mr. Mann, was entirely unexceptional; and it was admitted to the most perfect intimacy as a pet, exhibiting always not only constancy of friendship but much intelligence. She travelled with Mr. Mann, sharing in all inconveniences with patience so long as she knew her friends were with her, keeping carefully in concealment when strangers were near, coming forth of her own accord only when the family were alone. She seemed even to show a sense of humor in lying quietly in her box while near those who would have been alarmed had they known of her proximity, for she showed no fear of strangers.

For food she ate one pigeon a week, killing it instantly by seizing it by the beak and breaking its neck by a quick movement of her head. There was no crushing until after the bird was dead. When not hungry she would not molest the bird. If left together for a while, they became friends and the bird was spared. The birds showed no fear of her, nor did other animals. Mr. Mann says further, that he remembers no instance of any young child showing the slightest fear when Clio came, in obedience to his summons, to make its acquaintance.

Clio's fate accorded well with her blameless life. She died of grief at her master's illness, after having in vain tried to arouse him from the lethargy of his fever, by her usual caresses. Altogether the story so well told by the distinguished naturalist, is one of the most curious and instructive of the recent contributions to our knowledge of animal life.

#### Progress a Fact.

I am old enough now to look back with some capacity of observation for forty years; and I can see in the progress of society a most marked evidence of the higher general intelligence, the greater aptitude for looking at things as they are, and for not allowing strange, absurd notions to take possession of the mind; while, again, I can trace, even within the last ten years, in a most remarkable manner, the prevalence of a desire to do things right for the right's sake, and not merely because they are politic.—Dr. W. B. Carpenter.

No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of a good-temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like flowers springing up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstrations; patience and forbearance are the sentiments within.

SOUR faces and cross words make everything go wrong. Keep in the sunshine of God's love and don't give the frowns a chance to deepen into wrinkles.

#### Mimicry as a Means of Defence.

The walking-stick insects, as they are called, in their turn imitate, in the skeleton-like structure of their bodies, the appearance of dried twigs; and it is a singular fact that even in their awkward, ungainly manner of walking, the resemblance to the chance movements of twigs is clearly perceptible, the mimicry being rendered more realistic through this latter phase. Then, also, we find certain harmless groups of moths imitating closely the outward appearance of species of stinging bees and hornets. And one remarkable case of mimicry is the well known instance of some perfectly inodorous South American butterflies, which perfectly reproduce the external appearance of other butterflies which emit an offensive odor; the reason assigned for this latter phase of mimicry being the very feasible one that the inodorous forms are protected from the attacks of birds by their resemblance to their strong-smelling neighbors. As a last instance of this curious phase of animal organization, we may note the example furnished by those curious little fishes, the *Hippocampi*, or sea-horses—so named from the obvious resemblance of the form of the head to that of a horse—the bodies of which become covered with long streamers of certain kinds of sea-weed; so that, when these fishes rest amid the seaweed-covered nooks of their marine grottoes, the presence of their streamers serves to render detection by their enemies no easy matter.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

#### Mary Jane Simpson.

She was a mule, which lost her life at the great fire in Virginia City, California. Her history is thus recited:—

When the Consolidated Virginia 60-stamp mill was built, she was bought by the superintendent and set to hauling ore through a covered gallery 500 feet long, leading from the main shaft to the mill, her shift lasting from 3 o'clock in the afternoon till 11 at night. She soon began to learn the signals from the call-bells and whistles, and soon ran her own work without any one to direct her or jog her memory, and no man could be more valuable than she in her proper sphere. When three bells struck at 11 o'clock at night, she would immediately step out of the track, but, instead of going at once to her stable, she would wait for the men to come out of the shaft, nearly all of whom saved something from their dinners for her. All food was acceptable to her—apples, eggs, pie, roast beef—nothing could be given to her which she would refuse. When visitors passed through the gallery, *Mary Jane*, with true native politeness, would crowd up against the wall and let them pass, needing no orders to do so, but evidently feeling that it was the proper thing.

During her eight hours' shift, she would haul, on an average, \$30,000 worth of ore, and during her 26 months of work in the two mines she has probably felt the weight of \$18,000,000—\$10,000,000 from the Belcher and the remainder from the Consolidated Virginia. Ben Smith, her groom, a man unmarried and, as far as known, with no earthly attachment except for *Mary Jane*, clung to her with an enthusiasm romantic in the extreme. When the fire broke out on the 26th of October, *Mary Jane's* stable was involved in the catastrophe, and so fiercely did the flames rage that it was impossible to get her out. When all hope of saving her was at an end, the faithful Ben Smith, anxious to shorten her agonies, crawled at the risk of his life under the burning floors of the hoisting works with a revolver in his hand; but the smoke stifled him, the flames scorched him, and, with hair and whiskers singed, he barely escaped the fate of his beloved mule. When the ruins cooled he went to *Mary Jane's* stable, and among the ruins found a few charred and calcined bones, and these he placed in a box, and with many tears, buried them just outside the fence of the Masonic cemetery.

THE most barren grounds are nearest to the richest mines.



[For Our Dumb Animals.]

**Unkindness to Hunting Dogs.**

A relative of the writer has a valuable setter kept tied up, except for about half an hour a day, when he is taken out for "a run," most of the year. The "shooting season," in a settled part of the country, takes master and dog out very seldom. All day long, humane ears are pained by the ceaseless sharp yelp of weariness and discomfort of the poor animal which is deprived of the free use of his limbs, and having no alternative but to go into his kennel or walk round it at a chain's length of range. To all remonstrances, the owner has one answer, "Hunting dogs *must* be tied up, or else they would not be good for anything; all old hunters would tell you that." Will some of the experienced sportsmen who, I trust, see your paper sometimes, give their opinion?

A DOG'S FRIEND.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

**What Can be Done?**

I live in a quiet suburb, remote from the homes of those neglected and unhappy classes of our communities, called by the political economists, with suggestive appositeness, "dangerous." I should, therefore, be exempt from sights and sounds shocking to refined tastes and a carefully trained moral sense. Such, however, is not the fact. As if to avenge the self-righteousness of those who devised the above term, most neighborhoods get into their midst one or more of these "dangerous" families. Ours has one. There are children in it, neglected, and, of course, cruel. They are, in consequence, a terror to their peace-loving neighbors. The other day, from my window, I saw these little boys torturing a hen in a way to make one's blood run cold. They had caught the poor creature and each claimed ownership. One had it by the leg, the other by the head, pulling. It looked like a parody on the judgment of Solomon—without the sword. I stood horrified, and thought of Hogarth's "First-Stage of Cruelty," and, in perspective, saw these tiny creatures enact the other three! And now I come to your humane and much esteemed society, and ask a difficult question. What is to be done, not alone with these tiny children, but with all the tens of thousands like them, who through the malign influences of ignorance, whiskey, and bad inherited tendencies, first shock the sensibilities of women, and afterwards put society itself in terror, and to vast expense to control and "punish" them? Can you protect my hen without lifting up these little creatures morally and spiritually?

A QUIET WOMAN.

A FEW months since a lady who is very well known in the French fashionable world happened to see in the streets of London a monkey begging pence from the public in the prettiest manner for the benefit of his master, an organ-grinder. The marquise took a fancy to it, bought it, dressed it in the gaudiest of raiment, and made it a pet. The lady the other day had in Paris a fashionable reception, and of course her pet was the wonder of the room. In the course of the evening a young lady sat down at the piano, and accompanying herself, sang with exquisite taste a little drawing-room song. As soon as the lady had finished, the monkey, who, though now partially civilized, had not forgotten his former duties, seeing something near him that reminded him of his old occupation, seized it and transferred it into a temporary hat and commenced a collection. The vocalist laughed, the marquise looked vexed; but to the amusement of everybody, the animal went the rounds and collected a large sum. His task ended he jumped upon the knee of the singer, amid shouts of laughter, and deposited the contents of his hat in the lady's lap. The collection was, of course, devoted to a charitable fund.

"MAN" says Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another."

O WHAT a glory doth this world put on

For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed, and days well spent?  
For him the wind, aye, and the yellow leaves  
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.  
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting-place without a tear.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

[Contributed.]

**Are Animals Dumb?**

We say that the gift of language is an exclusive possession of man. We say so, but we cannot prove it. We call animals dumb. Are birds dumb? Whoever watched two robins or bobolinks building their nest, chattering and gabbling to each other as fast as they could talk, now settling a straw with a satisfied "That's right," now scolding vehemently if anything went wrong,—and then whoever turned away and said, "Those are dumb animals"? Now, if birds are not dumb, what right have we to suppose that they are an exception to the rest? All animals, except some fishes, can make sounds with the mouth; and there seems to us no absurdity in supposing that the higher classes of animals, at least, have languages of their own. Take a child six months old, put him on an island inhabited by wild animals alone, and suppose him to grow to manhood there. In all probability, that man, surrounded from boyhood by the sounds and scenes of forest life, would have an imperfect language of his own. He would be not much superior to the wild animals in any respect; and if a vessel should touch his shores, he would run, chattering in his jargon, into the depths of the woods. Now, that man's language is understood by himself alone, yet it is a language, since it is comprehended by one, at any rate, and different sounds and inflections of the voice correspond to different actions and ideas. Why, then, is that not much more a language, which seems to be held in common by whole tribes of animals of the same species, animals which clearly express ideas and emotions by the voice? Were we to meet a wild negro in the depths of Africa, and he should begin to jabber to us, we would say we couldn't "understand his language." We would say that, because we know that even a rude, savage African is a *man*. Now, if a gorilla meets us and opens a discourse in his peculiar manner, we deny that he is talking to us, because we know he is a *wild animal*; but that is simply an assertion without proof.

The fact that the voices of most animals present to our ear an unintelligible sound, proves nothing. The tones of our voice doubtless seem as senseless and monotonous to the brute, as his seems to us. It is only when trained by our superior intellect, that he understands in a measure the import of our speech; while he can never instruct us in like manner.

J. M. G.

**Circulation of the Blood not Discovered by Virisection.**

Hon. Robert J. Boyle, a learned man, in his works said, "I remember that when I asked our famous Harvey, a little while before his death, what induced him to think of the circulation of the blood, he answered that when he took notice that the valves in the veins of so many parts of the body were so placed that they gave free passage to the blood *towards* the heart, but *opposed* the passage the *contrary way*, he was induced to think that so provident a cause as nature had not placed so many valves without a design; and no design seemed more probable than that the blood could not, because of interposing valves, be sent by the veins to the limbs, it should be sent through the arteries and return through the veins, whose valves did not oppose the course that way."

COURTESY is the finest flower of respect.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

**Sir Richard Birnie.**

In a collection of English songs, dated 1826, I find one called "Old and New Times," full of London local allusions, in which occurs this stanza:—

"When I was young, humanity was never talked about,  
But in these days of feeling, it makes a pretty rout;  
You must not whip your horse at all, not even if he spurn  
ye,  
Nor knock your donkeys' heads about, so says Sir Richard Birnie."

Thus there seems to have been a prototype of Mr. Bergh in London, more than half a century ago, and he so active in his efforts as to be put into the popular songs. If the name is unknown to you in connection with the remoter history of the benevolent movement which your paper advocates, perhaps you will bring it before your readers to elicit information of Sir Richard Birnie's attempts in behalf of the draught animals. Their treatment in England fifty years ago must have been worse than it is in this country now.

The name appears in one of the biographical dictionaries, as that of a very efficient magistrate in London from 1821 onwards—knighted by George IV; but nothing is said to identify him with your cause.

J. G. DALTON.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

**Stray Cats.**

Many benevolent persons have their attention called to the wretched half-starved cats to be seen from time to time creeping about their yards and running over their fences, and would gladly "do something about it"—if they knew what. But these stray cats are so wild, from being long homeless, that to catch them and have them mercifully killed, is impossible. Now if any one really wishes to end the miserable lives of these poor animals, they ought to be willing to try the experiment, always a success, of gradually taming them. First, have set out scraps of food in your yard, and by watching, you will soon see the cat stealthily creep in, snatch a morsel and run. Each day, if not disturbed, it will get more familiar and in the course of two or three weeks, it will venture into the house and allow itself to be handled. It can then be placed in a box large enough to turn round in and not feel stifled. Then, for a grown cat, put two table spoonsful of best chloroform on a handful of cotton batting. Put in the cat first, shutting the lid of the trunk, then open the lid wide enough to slip in the chloroformed cotton, and immediately close it.

Cats are exceedingly fond of the herb valerian, and a few cents' worth, which can be bought at any druggist's, strewed round a kitchen door, would soon attract even a very timid cat. It is a sad thing about these strays that they have, most of them, had homes, and been, when kittens, pets. But so many children are allowed to bring in kittens as playthings and then turn them out as soon as they grow into "ugly old cats," that the tribe of miserable wanderers is constantly increased. Then, too, the cruel custom of leaving cats "to take care of themselves," while houses are closed in summer, cannot be too strongly condemned.

Another extreme cruelty, ignorantly practised, it is to be hoped, is taking all a cat's kittens away at once. One should be left a few weeks and it can be most easily disposed of with a small quantity of chloroform. The writer has found a small bureau drawer the best way of giving the chloroform—when neighbors have sent in kittens they humanely wished to be disposed of.

A FRIEND OF FRIENDLESS CATS.

To see freshly and clearly, to discern new meaning in old living—living as old as the world is—to find by instinct new and better ways of doing, the finding of which is often only returning to the heart and simplicity of the old living before it *was* old; these are the very heavenly gift and office of illumination and leadership.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, November, 1878.

*"Cold Blows the Wind, and Keener is the Cold."*

Many of our readers will recall this sentence as a part of a "piece" spoken in school days, commencing "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man, whose trembling limbs scarce bore him to your door." Substitute *horse* for "man" in this sentence, and apply the title of this article to the coming winter, and it may induce you to think of your animals, and to ask whether you have made proper preparation for their protection. Do not wait till snow flies to examine your barn to see if it needs banking up,—to see if there are cracks to be stopped,—if you have suitable blankets for your horses while in the stable, and when you stop by the way when out driving. Have your cattle proper shelter? How about your swine; have they a warm and dry place? Have you thought about your poultry? Your dog—has he any better place to sleep than the bare floor in the wood-shed, or is he left out in the yard all night?

If you think of these things and act upon them, you will sleep sweeter when the winter winds blow cold.

*Cat Literature.*

A friend of the cause in another State proposes to issue a work upon cats, and, without her request, we venture to invite friends interested to send us any articles or notices of any books which may be of use in the preparation of the work. We will gladly forward them.

*Centennial Exposition Award.*

Our friends will be glad to know that an award has been made to us for our exhibition of humane inventions and printed documents.

*Remember the Birds.*

It will be a pleasant amusement for both children and adults to scatter seeds and crumbs for the birds the coming winter. We think they will be surprised at the number of birds who will recognize their humane act.

*Thanksgiving Sermons.*

The sermon on our first page may remind some of our clergymen that kindness to animals may be a good subject for a thanksgiving sermon. They will find, when they begin to think about it, if they have not already, that there is a wider field than they had supposed, and an opportunity to make their hearers better men and women—more thoughtful of each other, by becoming more thoughtful of animals.

*In Earnest.*

A subscriber, in remitting his subscription, says: "I wish I was rich, I would send you one hundred dollars. I am a great friend to dumb animals, especially the horse. I hope I have a horse religion. What becomes of a horse when he dies? 'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.' I wish you success. Send me any documents you have and I will sit up nights to read them."

It is a strange desire, to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others, and lose power over a man's self.—*Bacon.*

*An Appeal to Coal Dealers.*

We are obliged to resort to various methods to relieve animals from suffering. Conviction by the law, and conversion by argument, reach many thousands, but, sometimes, we are dependant upon merciful appeals. There are cases where, while we are convinced that an animal suffers, we are unable to furnish legal proof of actual injury. This especially applies to cases of overloading. We have often tried, through our paper, to convince teamsters and coal-dealers that it was not only cruel, but against their interest, to carry too heavy loads. But the evil continues. So, last month, we addressed the following

## LETTER TO THE COAL DEALERS OF BOSTON.

"For years we have had repeated complaints from residents on Beacon Street, and other streets having steep grades, at the overloading of coal-teams going up such streets. We have had several recently.

May we appeal to you, when sending coal to such localities, either to lessen the load or to put on extra horses. By so doing you will gratify the public, and yours truly.

FRANK B. FAY, *Secretary.*

We have had several responses to this letter, expressive of the coal-dealers' appreciation of our efforts on behalf of the horse, and offering to do all in their power to aid us. They confirm our statements by observation and experience. One dealer has lately had a valuable pair of horses ruined by the practice.

Another firm writes as follows:—

"With our very large business it seems impossible to avoid being occasionally imposed upon by a teamster who does not take proper care of his horses when away from the immediate superintendence of our wharfingers. Whenever we hear of well authenticated cases of abuse to horses on the part of an employé, we have him discharged immediately; but the trouble is that people who notice such cases generally content themselves with sending us an anonymous communication, giving no particulars by which we can recognize the team. Such communications are of no use to us, as we have no proof against the teamsters. If kind-hearted observers would have the manliness to send complaints over their own signatures, it would confer a favor upon us and aid the cause of abused animals, whose interests they profess to have in view."

It will be seen that this letter throws some responsibility upon the purchaser as well; and in addition, we wish we could induce parties, when ordering coal, to remind the dealer that while they buy coal for their own comfort, they do not desire that animals shall suffer in bringing it to them.

*Items About Sheep.*

A Nevada sheep man who has tried and succeeded with sheep, said: "Sheep are better than a government bond; you can tear off a coupon every six months, half as big as the bond, and the bond is left as good as it was." It was well put. Sheep are a bonanza to any man who gives as thorough attention as he would give any other business. The proper selection of herds and crosses comes in for first attention, with proper feed and skillful handling, with continued attention, and the profits certainly and satisfactorily.

In the intercourse of social life it is by little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly—and opportunities of doing kindness, if sought for, are forever starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved.

*Progress.*

If the attention bestowed upon a subject be a fair measure of the progress of the ideas involved in it, we may fairly take courage with regard to the special object we have in view. Not only has the attention of individuals been more and more given to the rights of animals and their humane treatment, but it has entered in constantly increasing degree into our current literature. In books devoted to them and their treatment, in scientific essays, in the agricultural and religious press, in the farmer's columns of the local newspapers,—wherever there is allusion to our dumb creatures, the methods of treatment, in health or in sickness, are replete with humane suggestions. More than this, there is a fuller recognition of the intelligence of these creatures and of their community of rights with us, within the limits evidently imposed by nature.

That this is due in large measure to the work and influence of societies such as ours, we believe is true, since progress in such matters is greatly hastened by organized action in its behalf. It is also the fact that the course of modern thought has been towards an amelioration of manners and the establishment of justice on broader foundations.

The recognition of these broader generalizations is a matter of profound thankfulness. Wherever so recognized, men are made nobler, society safer, and religion itself more effective in regulating the conduct of life,—for after all, what is it we would do, but to extend the great law of love to include all creatures?

*Mr. Angell's Lectures.*

During his Western trip, Mr. Angell has made addresses as follows:—At Chicago, October 9, before the Methodist clergy, on the "Growth of Crime." October 14, before the Methodist Conference, on "Kindness to Animals," and on the 16th, upon "Crime," before the same body. October 18, at the Athenæum, on "Kindness to Animals." At Detroit, Sunday morning, October 29, on "Animals," at the Unitarian Church; also the Sunday school, and in the afternoon, on "Crime," in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. October 20, on "Crime," before the evangelical clergy, and October 31, the High School. The character of the audiences and the interest exhibited induce us to believe that more active work will be done by a greater number of friends of the cause in Chicago, and that a vigorous society will be formed in Detroit.

"HATH A DOG CONSCIENCE?"—A retriever dog in Chicago lately killed a favorite cat. Having committed this unprovoked murder, the dog deliberately took the cat in his mouth, carried it some distance, dug a deep hole behind some bushes, and after depositing the cat therein, carefully replaced the earth, and had he not been observed there would have been no evidence of the crime.

STEAM is gradually gaining ground for driving street cars, though it has to contend with much unreasoning prejudice and intense opposition. Ere long we hope the noble horse will be emancipated from the horse-destroying business.—*N. Y. Witness.*

If we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will not hurt us.



## Cleveland Society P. C. A.

The following letter furnishes two sources of regret: one, that the services of a valuable officer must be lost to the cause; another, that so little interest is felt by the officers of the society, as exhibited by non-attendance at the directors' meetings. But we venture to say to Mr. Brayton, that sometimes the absence of officers of an association indicates entire confidence in the Secretary, and hence is complimentary. We hope a worthy successor to Mr. Brayton will be found, and the society will show increased activity.

CLEVELAND Oct. 7, 1876.

H. B. HURLBUT, Esq., President.

MY DEAR SIR:—For personal reasons, the existence of which I sincerely regret, I beg to tender through you, my resignation as Secretary of the Cleveland Humane Society, and inasmuch as there has not been a quorum present at the last two monthly meetings of the directors, and from present appearances not likely to be at the next, I have to request you to publish my resignation, that the society may appoint my successor.

Yours respectfully, H. F. BRAYTON.

## Adams County (Pa.) Society.

(Office at Bermudian. Organized June 15, 1876.)

President, Hon. Robert T. Biddle; Vice-President, James A. Wright; Secretary, George C. Asper; Treasurer, Charles P. Maris; Managers, Rev. Jacob Stanton, John A. Louer, David Carson, L. M. Forster, H. J. Boyle, M.D., Rev. Wm. H. Galey, Arthur Platt, W. J. Dodge.

Number of members September 1, 123; cases prosecuted in three months, 35; animals taken from work, 25; animals killed, 12.

## Where Do Robins Go in Winter?

Towards the middle or latter part of September, generally, the robin, which has heretofore been merry and jubilant in song, becomes silent and finally disappears. If the weather continues cold he remains away, but the first warm, bright day brings him and his comrades out in force. And "they make hay while the sun shines," by devouring all the worms and insects they can find, which leaves no time for anything but a satisfied chirp now and then. The amount that a robin will eat in a day is something remarkable; for it is estimated that he ingests more than forty-one per cent. of worms (or insects) more than his own weight, besides gravel and water.

But where does he secrete himself during the interval between his leaving and reappearing? His favorite resort is the thick growth of high brush in some low lands or swamp. Here he remains in a very quiet state, seeking for what food he can find, and waiting for the warm days to come when he can fill his empty maw. The two or three notes that he utters are feeble and lonesome.

Later in the season the robins congregate in flocks, and either retire south or remain in the swamp woods until the spring.

As they often move from place to place during the night, or very early in the morning, their sudden appearance and disappearance is accounted for.—*Cor. Boston Transcript.*

A poor Irishman applied to one of the overseers of the poor for relief, and upon some doubt being expressed as to whether he was a proper object for parochial relief, he enforced his suit with much earnestness. "Och, yer Honor," said he, "sure I'd be starved long since but for me cat." "But for what?" asked the astonished interrogator. "Me cat," rejoined the Irishman. "Your cat! how so?" "Sure, yer Honor, I could her eleven times, for sixpence a time, and she was always home before I could get there meself."

## [For Our Dumb Animals.]

## Protection Against Sportsmen.

CALIFORNIA vs. MASSACHUSETTS.

While there are general laws in California, protecting the birds and other game during certain seasons of the year, at San Francisco the local legislature extends its protection, through all the year, over the birds within its own jurisdiction, in which Oakland, across the Bay, joins; and during a recent visit it was a constant pleasure to me, while passing between the two places, to observe the water-fowl, as we rode over the wharf, more than a mile long, from Oakland to the ferry, which swam directly beneath the car windows, in great multitudes, with perfect freedom from fear. They literally swarmed in the shallow water, and as the cars thundered along, the little creatures would cast their eyes up in roguish defiance, as if they understood all about the law, and were tempting the passer to its violation. There were enough ducks there to drive a Boston sportsman crazy, but never a gun disturbed their peaceful enjoyment. Beautiful gulls, too, enjoyed this immunity, and they would settle upon the posts of the ferry slip, almost within the reach of hand, never doubting that man was their best friend. Such confidence to me was delightful, and I could not help contrasting this state with our own destructive custom of shooting such little creatures wherever we meet with them. As I write, there is a boy in the street with a bit of rock in his hand, his eye intent on a beautiful pigeon whose harm he intends. It illustrates exactly this cruel disposition to destroy. The possessors of private grounds in California, also, take pains to protect the birds against sportsmen, and I frequently saw, over the gates to such grounds, "No Shooting Allowed!" And the birds seemed to appreciate it, crowding the precinct with their numbers and making the air merry with their songs. On a visit to one of these places one little California lark preceded us, step by step, for a mile, perching himself upon a fence, a little ahead, and singing the most joyful song, of welcome, as it seemed, that I had ever heard. It was a gush of most ecstatic melody that he poured, without a note of fear in it, and he appeared as if eager to speak for his race, out of his own happy heart, and ask our attention to their blissful privilege.

There is another class of dumb animals over which the laws of California extend protection: the sea-lions which tenant the rocks in the vicinity of the Golden Gate. These huge monsters live in perfect freedom within easy rifle range of the shore, and no one dare molest them. There are hundreds of them upon the rocks all the time, and they play or sleep, in perfect security without a fear of molestation, in full view of the multitudes who flock to see them. There was an attempt made last winter to repeal the law protecting them—on the good ground, too, that they were great consumers of fish which was needed for the people—but the attempt was futile, and, being ante-pioneers, they are sustained a while longer in their original possession.

Visiting the Seal Rocks with me, for the first time, was a Bostonian, who, on seeing the monsters, as they lay there at easy distance, cried, with the true instinct of the sportsman: "If I only had a gun!" B. P. S.

## Slaughtering Game Birds.

I am astonished at the reports of abundant game. I have never in my experience seen such a scarcity of partridge and quail as there is this season. In New Hampshire, I found in the places where, for fifty years, game has been abundant, an almost total lack of it. I can only account for this in one way: all the men out of work, and boys old enough to carry a gun, give their whole attention, in season and out of season, to do wholesale slaughter of everything that swims or flies. Our game laws are not enforced, and our woodcock law is a disgrace to the State.—*Corr. Rod and Gun.*

## CASES INVESTIGATED

BY OFFICE AGENTS IN OCTOBER.

Whole number of complaints, 128; viz., Overloading, 1; overworking, 5; overdriving, 2; beating, 7; driving when lame and galled, 21; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 18; torturing, 12; driving when diseased, 7; cruelty in transportation, 1; abandoning, 4; defective streets, 1; general cruelty, 39. Remedied without prosecution, 39; warnings issued, 28; not substantiated, 24; not found, 10; prosecuted, 17; convicted, 14; pending trial, 3; under investigation, 8. Pending trial, October 1, 3; disposed of, 8; convicted, 1; left to avoid arrest, 2. Animals killed, 32; temporarily taken from work, 32.

## FINES.

Justice Courts.—Woburn, \$15; Westfield, \$2. Police Court.—Springfield, \$5. Municipal Courts.—Boston (paid at jail), \$50; Brighton District (8 cases), \$55.50. Witness Fees.—\$3.30.

BY COUNTRY AGENTS, THIRD QUARTER, 1876.

Whole number of complaints, 553; viz., Beating, 58; overloading, 55; overdriving, 58; working when lame or galled, 142; working when diseased, 41; not providing food or shelter, 93; torturing, 13; abandoning, 27; general cruelty, 66. Not substantiated, 33; remedied without prosecution, 503; prosecuted, 17; convicted, 16; animals killed, 34; temporarily taken from work, 96.

## RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

## MEMBERS AND DONORS.

L. Bright, \$1; Mrs. Brown, \$1; C. T. Wood, \$5; Mrs. T. Kingsbury, 50 cents; J. B. Bright, \$10; F., \$100; M. M. Rawson, \$1.10; a friend, 25 cents.

## SUBSCRIBERS ONE DOLLAR EACH.

G. Burnett, L. Slack, Mrs. L. Miller, Mrs. H. W. Stratton, Mrs. W. V. Monroe, J. T. Gause, Mrs. A. P. Strong, M. Betts, Mrs. P. K. Gifford, J. S. Prescott, B. Smith, J. Townsend.

## SUBSCRIBERS TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Dr. B. G. Wilder, Miss H. Willard, F. Mansfield, Mrs. M. Ford, Mrs. A. Wadsworth.

## SUBSCRIBERS VARIOUS SUMS.

Mrs. T. Kingsbury, 50 cents; Ladies' Circulating Library, \$1.10; A. Phipps, \$5.

## An Agent's Report.

I am glad to be able to say that the poor dumb animals in this section have been kindly treated, and that no case has come under my notice of any unkindness or injury done to any of God's dumb creatures. I always feel just as much indignation when I see the poorest brute abused as if one of my own family was abused. They feel just as we do, and any man who will abuse a dumb animal, proves himself to be the greater brute! God prosper our cause, and help us to protect those animals which cannot protect themselves, especially those who labor for us.

A NEW HORSE-BLANKET has been shown us by Messrs. Adams & Beale, of 115 Chauncy Street, which seems to have real advantages. It has a whole front, passing around the breast without seam, by which buckles are avoided and greater warmth secured, and is held in place by an elastic band at the neck and an elastic crupper. No surcingle is required, and all strain on the blanket is avoided.

## Don't be Noisy.

ONE very common habit or practice we observe, both in the city and in the country among the rural population, is that of yelling sharply at horses before cart, wagon, omnibus or buggy, with that of suddenly and violently jerking the reins, supplementing it with continued sharp shrieks of the voice, provided they make any untoward movement—a habit we deem no less reprehensible than detestable, and one that should be at once corrected and abandoned forever. Gentleness and kindness will be found not only the wiser and better, but the more humane and effective course in accomplishing the end desired.—*The Cultivator.*

## Children's Department.

## Can Dogs Count?

Almost daily we read of some remarkable instance of a dog's knowledge, which seems almost to equal that of man. Some call it instinct; others insist it is mind; but whichever it is, it adds to our love for them and our interest in them. It ought to make any boy hesitate before he does anything by which a dog will suffer, or neglects to do what will add to its comfort.

The dog in the cut, it seems, can select from a lot of figure-cards any one that he is directed to, without any assistance. Now, whether this shows a knowledge of the value of figures, or whether he decides by the shape when he hears the sound, we cannot decide; but in either case it is interesting, and is pleasant to think about in connection with dogs.

## Jack—An Allegory.

Jack was a dog. I knew him well. He was like other dogs in all those things that go to make a dog a dog; but in many things he was not like other dogs at all.

He was not a large dog nor a small one; but of fair size, and well content to be as he was.

His color was of many shades, and so mixed that you could hardly tell what to call it. You might think him black, and he was black, as well as several other colors, though not spotted at all.

He was of middle age, and so happy in his make-up that though at times he appeared as old as dog nature itself, he was generally as full of play as any puppy.

In his person there was nothing striking, and when you looked at him as he trotted along the street you wouldn't think him much of a pup anyhow, but the dog that was in him made everybody like him.

For convenience he was called Jack, because every dog must have his name, you know; but he did not make much fuss about a name; if others liked to be called Bose or Tige, he didn't mind; "dog" was name enough for him, for that was just what he was striving to be; and it was of much more importance to be than to seem to be.

Men often asked whose dog he was. Some said he belonged to this one, others to that; but Jack, by his consistent, every-day life, said: "I belong to the *Canis familiaris*, and seek to be a true dog among dogs, and a worthy friend of man."

Like other dogs he had his own favorite bones to pick, but he never liked to go strolling about his neighbors' yards to hunt up bones of contention. On his part he was in full fellowship with all the dogs of character in the village, and had a way, and a pleasant way, for all. He saw that there were good dogs of every name. While he preferred his own kind, he could walk with mastiffs, hounds, or even curs, if they were true dogs, or he could do them any good. "For," said he, "we are all dogs, all have the same dog nature to

## CAN DOGS COUNT?



elevate and perfect, and why should we be dogmatic and dogged?"

So Jack had his home all over the town. Some would not fellowship him at all; others who would go with him growled and snarled at each other. Certain high-bred parties did question his birth; a hound accused him of not following well; a cur thought he ought to bark in some particular yard; and now and then a mastiff who could invite him home would not eat and drink with him.

These things worried Jack at times, and he was tempted to define his pedigree and publish it to all the village; to organize his forces for a special effort to build up a reputation among dogs, and to limit himself to a particular field of action and influence. In short, more than once he proposed to himself to do as other dogs do. He was inclined to say, "Let every dog shake his own paw." But when he reflected upon it he was made to feel that the favor of man was rather to be sought than the favor of dogs, and he thought he had better suffer wrong than do wrong. He knew that his blood was mixed; that he was part hound, part mastiff and perhaps a little cur; but so much the better; he could sympathize with them all; and who could say that he had no qualities from each. These thoughts increased his faith in the nature of dogs, as domesticated and improved by man, and he renewed his determination to show himself a true dog among dogs and in the sight of man. He hoped that by being true to his instinct he might be the means of promoting fellowship and good-will among all the dogs in the place, and so perhaps he might.—O. O. Wright in the *Living Christian*.

## The Squirrel and the Burglar.

A German story thus illustrates the fact that no creature is too small to be of use, sooner or later:—

"An apothecary had a tame squirrel, which he was in the frequent habit of regaling with nuts, and which he used to keep in his own private room adjoining his shop. The little fellow was allowed plenty of liberty, for the door of his cage was frequently left open, and he used to climb up doors and windows and spring thence upon his master's hand.

"On one occasion he jumped upon the broad-brimmed hat of a Quaker who came into the shop. He made friends with all his master's acquaintances, but if anybody teased him he could show that he knew how to bite.

"As the winter came on he was in the habit of building himself a nest of any tow he might find about, and used to choose for residence the pocket of his master's coat.

"When, in the evening, the coat was taken off and hung upon a nail, the little squirrel would climb up the door on which the nail stood, run down the coat, and take up his quarters in the pocket, carrying always in his mouth a good supply of the tow, which he had prepared and rolled together beforehand, and with which he contrived to make in the pocket the cosiest night's lodging in the world.

"A housebreaker, watching his opportunity, selected an especially dark night for getting in through the window of the apothecary's little back room behind the shop, with, as you may imagine, no good end in view.

"He knew that the apothecary kept no dog; he could easily guess where his coat was likely to be hanging up. He soon found the pocket, and was just about to lighten it of purse, pocket-book and keys, when a misfortune totally unexpected befel him.

"In rummaging for keys and purse, he had struck the sleeping squirrel, of whose strange habits with regard to his bedroom he had not been aware.

"Not liking to be thus suddenly disturbed, the little animal gave the thief so sharp a bite on his thumb that he could not forbear yelling with pain, and the master of the house, alarmed at the unusual sound, came into the room armed with the poker, just as the thief was escaping through the window.

"The watchman happening to be passing, the unwelcome guest was given into custody; and as the geese at Rome had saved the capital by their cackling, so the little squirrel had saved his master's property by lodging in his coat-pocket.

Hearts, like doors, can open with ease  
To very, very little keys;  
And don't forget that they are these,  
"I thank you, sir," and, "if you please."

Then let us watch those little things,  
And so respect each other;  
That not a word, or look, or tone,  
May wound a friend or brother.—Ex.



*More About Cats.*

When I was a little girl, a neighbor gave me a little gray and white kitten, and shortly after another neighbor had the misfortune to lose in one night an old hen and her entire brood, save one poor little chick; that one she gave to me. The pets were soon on the best of terms. When chick got old enough to use her wings a little, the two would have great sport. Chick would go round and round the house as fast as her legs, aided by outstretched wings, could carry her, with kitty close to her heels; when he caught her, they would have a rough and tumble play for a while, and then another race. When tired of out-door sports, kitty would get on his bed and chick would fly up and nestle down close to him; kitty would wash her feathers, cat fashion, and when she was cleaned up nicely, they would sleep, kitty's paw encircling chick's neck. Kitty would never hurt her, though he often pretended he was going to bite her. Chick, when she had grown to be a hen, never forgot sleeping with kit, for, as long as she lived, she delighted to steal into the house and make a nest in some corner on a lot of rags, nor would she scruple to get upon the bed if allowed.

Though many cats are of a roving disposition, all are not, for some of them have a great love for home. When Wisconsin was first settled, cats were scarce and mice plenty, and people would take a great deal of trouble to obtain a cat. One family which was moving into the State, while on the way, procured an old cat and two kittens. The family travelled twenty miles from the place where they got the cat and kittens, and camped for the night, for there were then no railroads or hotels; when they arose in the morning, they found pussy had deserted with her two babies. Great was the surprise of her former owner, to find on the second day after their departure puss and her babies were safe in their old quarters. As puss could carry but one kitten at a time, she must have travelled the entire twenty miles three times over, besides hunting her food; she doubtless carried one for some distance, and leaving it in a safe place, returned and brought up the other one, and by thus going back and forth, they at last all reached their old home. That cat had no idea of being a pioneer.—*Selected.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*Dollie.*

Last summer mamma and I were playing croquet, when, all at once, mamma exclaimed, "Dollie has slipped her halter and come out of the stable. What shall we do? She will be the ruination of the flowers if we cannot catch her." Dollie soon told us what to do; she walked coolly up to mamma, and then trotted away to the gate, through which she was always led to water. Our wits were not quick enough for horse language, and it was not until she came and laid her head on my shoulder, and then trotted back to the gate again, that we understood what Dollie wanted. Then I opened the gate for her, and she walked down to the brook and took a good drink.

M. E. F.

*Egg Collecting.*

Some boys start a collection of bird's eggs every year. They rob the nests of the commonest species, and by the next spring have broken them all, and begin again. Others buy their collection of birds' eggs and thus offer a bounty to ignorant men and boys to take all the nests they find in the hope of selling them, and in so doing destroy large numbers of our ordinary birds' eggs that every collector has, and no one wants.—*Exchange.*

The "Grand Army of Bird Defenders" please note this. All such boys should be "recruited" before next spring.—[Ed.]

A LATE London paper states that the nobility and gentry have abandoned the use of the check-rein altogether.

*A Murderer's Antecedents.*

I have taken pains to ascertain something regarding a late murderer's antecedents, and I am informed that from an early age he trained himself in habits of cruelty to the lower animals. To torture insects was his delight, and his favorite pastime when a youth was to entrap hares, rabbits, cats, and such like, and try upon them experiments which subjected them to the utmost refinement of suffering. Singularly enough, one of his experiments was to force a needle or a piece of wire into the ears of the little quadrupeds, and to mark the extent of penetration and the length of time that should elapse before death would ensue. Can it be doubted that such inhuman practices had a strong tendency to blunt the finer sensibilities, and render the mind callous to the suffering of others? Can it be wondered at that such persistent training in wickedness should lead up to the culminating infamy of putting the office file into his victim's brain through the unfortunate young man's ear?—*Ulster Gazette.*

*Yi-yah.*

A few days ago, a family in Belvidere joined a multitude that went to Downer Landing, on one of the late picnic excursions. Their dog—a very companionable fellow, but not regarded as of special value otherwise—concluded to go with the rest. He did not seem to know or care anything about the rule on the road respecting free passes; but went on board and took his chances as "a dead-head"—on ears and boat. Although he stuck like a brother to the family all the way to the Landing, during the day in some way he got separated from them. How long, anxiously and vainly he searched for them, how many miles he travelled, or what were his sensations, lost thus among strangers, "so far away from home," nobody knows. For a long time he was missed; and at last, when the time arrived for the party to go on board the boat, the friends of "Yi-yah" concluded that he was a total loss, and they should never see him more. But not so. The dog apparently reasoned a little in respect to his situation, on finding that he had got separated from his friends. It is probable that after a search, he arrived at the conclusion that they would go home the same way they came, and that if he waited for them at the wharf, where they left the boat, and where they were to take it, he would discover them when they came. Such was the result. For when his friends came to the wharf, poor "Yi-yah" made his appearance, and a more pleased dog never wagged his tail than was this one. Other boats had come and gone; hundreds of people had left the Landing; but "Yi-yah" knew his friends had not gone, and patiently, hopefully waited for their arrival.—*Vox Populi.*

*A Simple Remembrance.*

The late Joseph Breck, of Brighton, was once riding in a horse car, when, noticing a little girl in the car journeying with her mother, he presented her with a flower from a beautiful bouquet he held in his hand, accompanied with one of those sweet smiles which so often broke over his countenance. Some time afterward, he was again riding in a car, when he noticed a little girl looking intently at him. Turning to her, he remarked, "You seem to know me, my little lady." "Oh, yes," said the child, eagerly, "I remember you, for you once gave me a flower." "Ah," said Mr. Breck, a smile again illuminating his countenance as he turned to his son-in-law, Mr. Strong, who sat by his side, "if a simple flower will thus keep one memory green in the mind of a little girl, I desire to present many flowers." Such a philosophy makes the world better, and those who practice it have not lived in vain.—*Newton Journal.*

It is no unusual thing to see a driver, through negligence, get into mischief, and then flog the horse, although the fault was his own.

## Stable and Farm.

*Banking Barns.*

While it is not a good plan to make the stable too warm in winter, it is a most excellent arrangement to have the ventilation under the control of the owner. I believe in tight barns, and in banking up such as are built upon corner blocks or stones, so as to prevent a free sweep of wind beneath the floor. It will be found with an animal as with a person, that a current of air striking the body from an open space in a floor, will chill quicker than if coming from the side.

Do not have the points from which the air is to be admitted either in the rear or close beside the animal, but such a distance away that the current of air will lose its perceptible force by the time it reaches it.

There are two cheap methods of inclosing the part of a barn beneath the sills, that will prove sufficient protection to the animals in winter; one is to bank up, the other is to set studding between the sills and bed pieces, which may be laid down, and then clap-board up the sides, or board up plain and batten the cracks. This last plan is, in my opinion, better than banking, as it does not create the liability to rot the sills that the former possesses, unless a good deal of care is exercised in banking. Every farmer knows best his own ability to do, but as a means of both economy and humanity, I advise every one who has not already made his stable barn secure, to do so before winter sets in.—*Ohio Farmer.*

*Training Colts.*

I would not let them grow to the age of two, three or four years, before commencing to break them—for this is the term we must use if neglected until that period; but would commence with the young colt when following its dam, as then the term "training" or "educating" can be substituted. I would begin very mildly with them, yet firm. Do not undertake to make them do anything unreasonable or which they cannot be made to understand, but when anything is commenced persevere firmly until the end is accomplished. Always, so far as possible, avoid harsh measures in the treatment of young colts; do not excite their fears, but rather calm them by not getting excited yourself, always using the same tone of voice, letting them know that you are their friend; and in this way you will soon be able to control them and manage them as you like. Perhaps teaching to lead by the halter in connection with what I have said would be about all that need be attempted the first year.

From that time forward I would train them in their education as convenience would permit.

I would not have it understood that colts should be petted and played with, for I consider there is a wide difference between proper discipline and fooling and playing with them and letting them do about as they have a mind to.

These early lessons are of the greatest importance, for it is with colts as with boys: "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."—*C. C. Abell.*

HYGIENIC reform is progressing. Mr. Benton, in Raymond Street, Brooklyn, has a Turkish bath for his horses. In Ireland two gentlemen have built Turkish baths for their racers and blooded cattle. Dr. Shepard of Brooklyn Heights says that the fashionable race-courses will some day be considered incomplete without baths for trained horses, and he wonders that stock-breeders have not long ago adopted the Turkish bath as a part of the necessary fixtures of their farms.

"REST is not quitting

The busy career;

Rest is the fitting

Of self to one's sphere."

*Mysterious Disappearance of a Pointer.*

Old Don was in the habit of accompanying me in my daily rounds of duty, and was at all times present to give me his society wherever I went. His first act each morning was to go to the stable to see if my horse was being saddled, and satisfied of this, he would lie down midway between the house and stable, to command both master and horse. My first visit was to my regimental hospital; next, as I had civil charge also, to the jail. Returning one morning, I was greeted on my arrival home by a little pet Bengali goat that we had brought up with us from the Southland country, and who had been Don's companion, and shared a sheltered corner of my tent throughout the long three and a half months' march. Well, on this morning Neely, for so the goat was named, came running up on my return to receive her daily present of bread, and rearing herself on her hind-legs, placed her fore-legs against me. This evidently was too much for the old dog, and he must, I have now no doubt, have been jealous of this proceeding, for in a moment, though he was the best tempered and gentlest dog I ever knew, he pounced upon the goat and threw her down. I gave him a kick and an angry word: he looked ashamed—and shall I say sorry?—and with his head hung down started off and left the premises. Breakfast hour came round, but Don was not forthcoming; at luncheon time he was still absent. I then sent in search of him, but he was nowhere to be found. He had, I was informed, returned to the jail, gone inside, and visited those parts of the prison I was daily in the habit of going over which were accessible. Night came, but no Don. Search was made everywhere, officially through the police by the kindness of my friends; through the district a reward was offered for his apprehension, but to no effect. He never returned, nor could I ever glean any tidings of him. Although this occurred thirteen years ago, I still feel regret for the kick I gave poor old Don.—*Animal World.*

*The Spirit of the Bible.*

There is no other book in the world that breathes so affectionate a spirit toward the dumb creatures of God's family below, or so fully exhibits the character of Jehovah as a God of boundless mercy, as the Bible. It is from it we learn with what paternal care our common Father in Heaven regards the meanest reptile that crawls on the earth. In the beginning of it we are informed (Genesis i. 30) that the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, the reptiles that crawl upon the earth, and the fish that glide through the waters under it, are all objects of His beneficent providence. No sooner were they called into being than He blessed them and assigned them an ample portion of space for their support. And when the world and its inhabitants were about to be destroyed by a flood, accommodation and sustenance were provided for them, as well as man. (Genesis vi. 21.)

When the Almighty ratified a solemn covenant with Noah, for himself and posterity, God expressly included them in its benefits. (Genesis, ix. 10.) When the Sabbath was instituted it was declared to be that they, as well as man, should rest. (Deuteronomy, xxv. 4.) From the Bible we learn that God rebuked by a miracle the cruel oppressor of one of the most despised of them. (Numbers, xxii. 28.) Moreover that for their sakes He spared, in a great measure, a city which he had proposed to destroy for its iniquity (Jonah, ix. 11), while He visited, with the most signal judgments His own peculiar people for their want of *mercy*, and other cruelty to His dumb creatures. (Hosea, iv. 3.)—*Bergh.*

THAT man's religion is worth little or nothing which has no dwelling-place but in his brain.

ONE trouble sometimes makes us forget a thousand mercies.

*Let it be Recorded.*

AN ILLINOIS MAGISTRATE FINES A MAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND COSTS FOR ABUSING HIS TEAM.

Peoria does not boast of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, although it is badly needed, but it has a police magistrate in the person of Mr. J. M. Cunningham, who appreciates the worth of a brute to man, and who did, by his action in fining Richard Wagner, recently, one hundred dollars and costs, more towards stopping the abuse of horses in the streets of city, than could be done by talk in one thousand years.

A horse, drawing a wagon-load of coal on the bluff, was brought to a stand-still by mud. Despite his efforts, the load would not move. Instead of appreciating the struggles of the superior animal, the other one, Richard Wagner, commenced beating it with a bar of iron—not stopping till tired out. He then took a strap or chain and placing it around the horse's jaw, tried, by pulling with all his might, to move the wagon. Failing also in this, he filled the horse's ears with coal dust, until at last the animal fell down exhausted. Then the driver was arrested and fined, as aforesaid, and Superintendent Kimsey levied on his property for the amount.

"Served him right," is the verdict of nearly everybody.

We have styled this incarnate piece of evilness as a brute, and could animals read we should be afraid of a suit for slander, with damages fixed at one thousand bushels of corn.—*Peoria Transcript.*

*Lion's Affection.*

Prince, a tame lion on board His Majesty's (George III.) ship *Ariadne*, had a keeper to whom he was much attached. The keeper got drunk one day, and as the captain never forgave that crime, he was ordered to be flogged. The grating was rigged on the main deck, opposite Prince's den, a large barred-up place, the pillars large and cased with iron. When the keeper began to strip, Prince rose gloomily from his couch, and got as near to his friend as possible. On beholding his bare back, he walked hastily round the den, and when he saw the boatswain inflict the first lash, his eyes sparkled with fire, and his sides resounded with the strong and quick beatings of his tail. At last when the blood began to flow from the man's back, and the "clotted cats" jerked their gory knots close to the lion's den, his fury became tremendous; he roared with a voice of thunder, shook the strong bars of the prison as if they had been osiers, and finding his efforts to break loose unavailing, he rolled and shrieked in a manner the most terrific that it is possible to conceive. The captain, fearing that he might break loose, ordered the marines to load and present at Prince. This threat doubled his rage, and at last the captain desired the keeper to be cast off, and go to his friend. It is impossible to describe the joy evinced by the lion. He licked with care the mangled and bleeding back of the cruelly treated seaman, caressed him with his paws which he folded round the keeper as if to defy any man renewing a similar treatment, and it was only after several hours that Prince would allow the keeper to quit his protection.

*Sheep Dogs.*

The principal sheep dogs are the Spanish, the Mexican, the English drover, and the Scotch Colley. Of these, the latter is probably the best. Buffon says: "He is the true dog of nature, the model of the species. He reigns at the head of his flock and makes himself better understood than the voice of the shepherd. Safety, order and discipline, are the fruits of his vigilance. He conducts the flock with an admirable intelligence which is a part and parcel of himself, and his sagacity astonishes, at the same time it gives repose to his master."

Stonehenge says the Scotch colley is by far the most graceful of his race, and in intelligence second to no other breed.

*An Extraordinary Wager.*

At the Darwen sessions, nine men were charged at the instigation of Richard Scott, cab proprietor, with cruelly ill-treating a horse. A man named Pomfret made a wager with some of the defendants that he could go from Guide to Lower Darwen, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, in five minutes. It was arranged that he should go over the ground in any manner he choose. Pomfret accordingly went to Blackburn, and hired a horse and cab, which was driven by Thomas Scott. Upon getting to Guide Bar, Scott found the way impeded by a rope that had been thrown across the road. A number of the defendants here seized the horse, dragged it into a ditch, and kicked it in a most shocking manner. Its shoes were torn off, and also a portion of one of its hoofs. With great exertion on the part of Scott, who was in entire ignorance as to the fact that a wager had been made, he got the horse out of the ditch, and drove on toward Lower Darwen. At a place called Black-a-moor, he was again stopped, a ladder having been placed across the road. The horse was again dragged into the ditch, and kicked and abused more severely than before. On the way from Guide to Black-a-moor the defendants, with a number of others, threw their coats and other things at the horse, and tried to bring it down, their object being to detain Pomfret, who was in the cab, from going over the ground in the allotted five minutes. In this they succeeded, and the money was handed over to the defendants by the referee. A veterinary surgeon stated that the horse must have been very badly kicked. The defendants were each ordered to pay \$150.—*Liverpool Post.*

*The Law at Last.*

We find them treating their brute beasts cruelly, and suppose now we undertake to prevent them. We say, "Sir, you ought not to treat your beast in that way. You ought to be kind to it. It is Godlike to be merciful to these creatures." But he doesn't care the snap of his finger for that. Then we try him again. We say: "It is unjust for you to act that way towards your brute. It works hard for its living, and it is worthy of its hire. The least you can justly do for it is to treat it kindly." But he laughs at the idea of a horse, or a cow, or a dog, or any other such creature having rights which he ought to respect. "Why," he says, "it is mine, and I have a right to do with it as I please. I am a man and it is a brute." Then we try him again. We say: "That poor animal suffers. It feels pain just as you feel it. Look at the poor thing. You claim to be a man; now show your humanity. Have pity on it and deal gently with it." Ah, that touches a tender spot in his heart, and he promises to do better. But by-and-by we have to try him again. We haven't succeeded yet. We say, "That is your beast. Treat him kindly and he will work better for you." Some men we can reach in that way, but not this man. What then shall we do? Shall we give him up? Must we leave the poor dumb animal to suffer and perish under his treatment? No! When we cannot reach the case by moral suasion, we invoke the aid of the law, which will punish him by fine or by imprisonment.—*Selected.*

ALL things are literally better, lovelier and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be effort, and the law of human judgment mercy.—*Ruskin.*

EVILS are more to be dreaded from the suddenness of their approach than from their greatness or their duration, and they will be the more insufferable in proportion as they find us unprepared.

PRIDE is an extravagant opinion of our own worthiness; vanity is an inordinate desire that others should share that opinion.—*Cummings.*



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